SEWING MACHINES.

$15 · SAVED · $15

THE NEW

WILSON SHUTTLE

SEWING MACHINES

PRICE, FIFTY DOLLARS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS MADE ON THE "Wilson" during the year 1871 have placed it at the head of all competition, and to-day it is without a rival. It is as durable as steel and iron can make it. Every Machine of the late CASE-HARDENED FINISH is **warranted five years**, and a warrantee furnished with each Machine.

The above cut represents the late improved Machine, which rests flat with the table and runs light and rapidly, and makes the shuttle or lock-stitch, uses straight needle, and the celebrated UNDER-FEED improved in shape so as to have a portion of the feed on both sides of the needle.

Remember the Fact,

that high prices (on sewing machines) do not indicate superiority. The combination, the ring, and the monopoly, all agree on high prices, which they, sooner or later, will be forced to reduce on account of the unprecedented rapid and increasing sales of the

NEW WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

Please call and examine even if you do not wish to purchase.

A full stock of Machine Twist Spool Cotton, Oil, Needles, etc., always on hand and for sale low.

BEACH & SUTHERLAND,

332 Main Street, South of Union.

64-63-xiv

PUBLIC LEDGER.

By E. WHITMORE. LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION. Fifteen Cents Per Week

VOL. XIII. MEMPHIS, TENN.: TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20, 1872. NO. 148

PAPER.

Paper! Paper! Paper!

OF ALL KINDS.

A. V. DU PONT & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers.

Louisville, ... Kentucky

Have just removed to their new, large four-story warehouse, No. 184 Main st.

80-1

MEMPHIS

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WINTER '71-'72.

LOTTERY OFFICE.

J. E. FRANCE—46½ North Court st. Post-office box 147.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC.

ORGILL BROS. & CO.—Wholesale importers and jobbers, 310 and 312 Front, corner Monroe street.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HINSON—Dentist. Office and residence, No. 233 Main street, Clay building.

MASON AND PLASTERER.

H. LEMON—295 Second street. All kinds of job work promptly attended to.

CHAIN PUMPS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Also, hardware, etc. J. W. KINNEY, 348 Second street, opposite postoffice.

WAGONS.

MILBURN, WALKER & CO.—Farm, plantation and spring wagons, wheelbarrows, etc., 37 Union street.

PORTABLE GAS-LIGHT CHANDELIERS, ETC.

A. HITZFELD & SON—Coal oil, mammoth oil, lamps, etc., 221 Second street.

HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.

LEIDY & CO.—Leaders of Fashion, 299 Main street, opposite Court Square.

E. DARY'S—Hat store, 347 Main street. Ladies' furs altered, cleaned and repaired.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC.

J. H. HILLS—Wholesale druggist, 281 Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

W. N. WILKERSON & CO.—Wholesale Druggists, 340 Main street.

J. A. J. SMITH & CO.—Wholesale and retail drug store, 225 Main street.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES.

U. F. CAVANAGH & CO.—Successors to Matthew Hunt & Co.—Wholesale dealers, 365 Main street.

WALL PAPER—WINDOW SHADES.

GRIESHABER & SANDER—Curtains, and all kinds of Upholstering goods, 292 Second street.

L. M. DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co.—Pictures, picture frames, cords, tassels, and artists' supplies, 391 and 393 Main street.

HOUSE, SIGN, AND FRESCO PAINTERS.

DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co., 391 and 393 Main street.

A. F. DAVIS, 281 Second street—Particular attention given to calcimining walls in any color.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

OWEN LILLY—Carriages, farm and spring wagons, 63 Union street.

BOARDING, SALE, LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

M. C. COSTILLO—City Sale Stables, 61 Monroe street. Over 6000 head of stock sold at this stable in the past season.

W. G. BRIDGES & CO., proprietors; D. D. Dismukes, sole agent and manager—79, 81, 83 and 85 Monroe street. Stock bought and sold on commission. Livery and sale stables

W. M. BROOKS—Stock yard and sale stables 445 Main street. All classes of stock fed and sold.

J. R. McCULLERS—43 South side Court Square and 44 Madison street. Livery, boarding and sale.

SELIGMAN & HALL—DeSoto Stables, 55 Union street.

J. B. FAIRES & CO.—Dealers in mules, horses, etc., 331 and 333 Second street.

LIFE INSURANCE.

WM. RUFFIN—General Agent Missouri Valley Life Insurance Co., 2 West Court st.

HOTELS.

W. W. WHITE, Formerly Clerk. TENCH SCHLEY, Of Baltimore.

WORSHAM HOUSE—White & Schley, proprietors; corner Main and Adams streets. Board, $2 50 per day.

MEIGGS HOUSE—Dr. R. H. Boatman, proprietor; Hopefield, Ark.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BINGHAM & CRAVER—241, 243 and 245 Main street, corner Jefferson.

SEEDSMEN.

H. J. WARD, BUTTON WRIGHT.

H. J. WARD & CO.—Agricultural implements, etc., 225 Second street.

OTTO SCHWILL & CO.—Agricultural implements, bone dust, land plaster, etc., 177 Main street.

PIANOS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

LEOPOLD GOEPEL—375 Main street. Pianos tuned, and all kinds musical instruments repaired.

SEWING MACHINES.

WILCOX & GIBBS—Improved Noiseless Sewing machines, 373 Main street.

HARMON & MORTON—Agents Florence Sewing machines, 213 Main street.

GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company, 318 Main st. C. O. Vallentine, Ag't.

FISH, GAME, OYSTERS, ETC.

VICTOR D. FUCHS—Depot 41 Jefferson st.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.

H. T. SINNOTT, 282 Second street. All kinds of second-hand furniture bought.

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC.

COLE & CO.—Removed to 332 Second street. Window glass, white lead, and all kinds of painters' material.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

M. LUNN—Removed to 293 Second street, Jefferson block.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PRINTING.

BOYLE & CHAPMAN—279½ Main street.

JAPANESE AND FANCY GOODS.

EL LIOTT & RIDGELY—Berlin zephyr wools and embroidery materials, 219 Main street.

GENERAL RAILROAD OFFICES.

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON R. R.—Ticket office 278 Main street.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.—Ticket office 336½ Jefferson street.

JEWELERS.

E. L. MICHIOT—Practical watchmaker and optician, 267½ Main street.

THE "JET PALACE"—I. Roescher & Co. Jet and fancy jewelry, 328 Main, between Union and Monroe streets.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

L. ROESCHER—Manufacturer of and dealer in custom-made and Eastern boots and shoes, 326 Main street.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

L. ROESCHER—326½ Main street.

SALOONS.

WATSON'S—14 Jefferson street. Choice wines, liquors, cigars, etc. Fine old stock ale on draught.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) by

E. WHITMORE,

At No. 13 Madison street.

The PUBLIC LEDGER is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carriers. By mail (in advance): One year, $8; six months, $4; three months, $2; one month, 75 cents.

Newsdealers supplied at 2½ cents per copy.

Weekly Public Ledger,

Published every Tuesday at $2 per annum (in advance); clubs of five or more, $1 50.

Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

Rejected manuscripts WILL NOT be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.

First insertion	$1 00	per square.
Subsequent insertions	50	" "
For one week	3 00	" "
For two weeks	4 50	" "
For three weeks	6 00	" "
For one month	7 50	" "

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY.

First insertion	$1 00	per square.
Subsequent insertions	50	" "

Eight lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a square.

Displayed advertisements will be charged according to the SPACE occupied, at above rates—there being twelve lines of solid type to the inch.

Notices in local column inserted for twenty cents per line for each insertion.

To regular advertisers we offer superior inducements, both as to rate of charges and manner of displaying their favors.

Special notices inserted for ten cents per line for each insertion.

Notices of deaths and marriages, twenty cents per line.

All bills for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to,

E. WHITMORE,
Publisher and Proprietor.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

[It is not often that the name of Stephen A. Douglas is connected in our minds with anything outside of the political arena, but here is a beautiful effusion of his which is a credit alike to heart and intellect.—*Guardian.*]

Bury me in the morning, mother—
O let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone in the night.
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And the stars will be shining here;
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light,
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of the Savior's love, mother,
I feel it in my heart;
But, oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
For even to part when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother;
And Heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

BURNETT'S COOKING EXTRACTS are the best. Sold by all first-class druggists and grocers.

Swallowing Oysters Alive.

At a late hour, the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, with his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the bivalves, and slowly ejaculated—"Isters!"

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator, "and fine ones they are, too."

"Well, I've heard of isters afore," says he, "but this is the first time I've seed 'em, and perhaps I'll know what thar made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate and scrutinized the uncased shell fish with a gravity and interest that would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed anythin' hold on so; takes an amazin' site of screwin', boss, to get them out, and ain't they slick and slip'ry when they does come? Smooth as well! I've a good mind to give that feller a lodgin', just to realize the effects, as Uncle Jess used to say about speculation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two-bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two-bits!" exclaimed the Sucker. "Now, come, that's stickin' it on strong, boss, for *isters*. A dozen on 'em ain't nothin' to a chicken, and there's no gettin' more'n a picayune a piece for them. I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first ventur' to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell one, and the offer was accepted.

The bargain was fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset; deliberately put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork, with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation:

"Swallowed alive, as I am a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it *stood* open. Fear—a horrid dread of he didn't know what—a consciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out.

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.

"I swallowed it just as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend; "the creature is alive and will eat right through you," added he, in a most hopeless tone.

"Get a pizen-pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "O gracious!—what'll I do? It's got hold of my innards already, and I'm as dead as a chicken!—do somethin' for me, do—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me up afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough—the Sucker upon the instant, seized the bottle, desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped, and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it was coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length, becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired:

"How are you now, my old fellow—did you kill it?"

"Well, I did boss—'ugh, 'ugh! o-o-o my innards! If that *ister* critter's dyin' agonies didn't stir a 'ruption in me equal to a small earthquake, then 'taint no use sayin' it—it squirmed like a sarpent when that killin' stuff touched it; hu!" and here, with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "If you git two chickens from me for that live animal, I'm d—d!" and seizing his seal-skin he vanished.

The shout of laughter and the contortions of the company at this finale would have made a spectator believe that they had all been swallowing oysters alive.

IN COLONIAL TIMES.

A Painful Picture of Virginia Clergymen.

From James Parton on "Jefferson as a Law Student," in the Atlantic for February.]

The tales we read of the clergy of old Virginia stagger belief, though it is clergymen who report them. The reverend rector of Wicomico, we read, not approving the bread placed upon the communion table, cried out from the altar, in the midst of the service, to one of the church wardens, "George, the bread is not fit for a dog." We read of another who was invited after church to a dinner at a planter's house, where he drank so much that he had to be tied in his gig, and a servant sent to lead his horse home. One jolly parson comes down to us as reeling up and down the porch of a tavern bawling to the passers-by to come up and drink with him. Another lives in the memory of his country because he fought a duel within sight of a church in which he had formerly officiated. Another is remembered as a jovial hunter who died cheering on the hounds to the chase. One is spoken of as pocketing annually a hundred dollars, the revenue of a legacy, for preaching four sermons a year against atheism, gambling, racing, swearing, though himself a notorious swearer, racer and gambler. Another is the hero of a story that one day parson and vestry differed in opinion, quarreled and came to blows. The parson, a giant in strength, put them all to flight. Not content with his victory, he renewed the battle on Sunday morning in church, when from the vantage ground of the pulpit he hurled at them this text from Nehemiah: "And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair;" which had the keen sting of literal truth.

One old clergyman is remembered as staggering toward the altar at the time of communion, when the rector who was officiating ordered him back to his seat. The monthly dinners of the clergy have not yet passed out of mind, to which men would ride for thirty or forty miles, and revel far into the night. The court records of Hampton show that a clergyman of that parish was presented by the grand jury for drunkenness, and on another occasion for slander, and that when before the court he behaved with such insolence as to be committed for contempt. Bishop Meade, of Virginia, to whom the reader is indebted for several of these incidents, relates that a lady came to one of his clergymen, asking rebaptism, as she had doubts whether the christening of her infancy was valid. The clergyman who had performed the ceremony, she said, dined with her father that day, and after dinner her father won back from the priest at cards the very guinea he had paid him before dinner as his baptismal fee.

The Bishop of London, hearing of these scandals, would sometimes urge his commissary, the president of Mary and William college, to proceed against the clergy known to be drunkards. The difficulty of proof was submitted to the bishop as an excuse for not complying with his commands. At what point of intoxication does it become a scandal? How shall we decide when a clergyman has been drunk enough for ecclesiastical censure? The Bishop of London sent over directions on this point. He thought that if a clergyman sat an hour or more with a company that were drinking strong drink—not wine—and took the cup as it went the rounds of the table, and drank the health proposed, like the rest of the company, there was ground of proceedings. He was also of opinion that "striking and challenging, or threatening to fight, or laying aside any of his garments for that purpose, staggering, reeling, vomiting, incoherent, impertinent, obscene or rude talking," was sufficient to justify judges in deciding that "the minister's behavior, at such a time, was scandalous, indecent, unbecoming the gravity of a minister." For many years, too, as before observed, the commissary president was himself too fond of the bottle to prosecute a drunken clergyman without calling attention to his own habits.

Vaccinating a Theatrical Company.

From the Baltimore American.]

In view of the uneasiness felt by our citizens respecting the small-pox, those firms in the city who employ a large number of workmen would do well to follow the example of Colonel Sinn, manager of the Front Theater, viz: have each person in their employ vaccinated. On Monday last the colonel secured the services of Dr. Benzingerf, and after rehearsal at the theater had ended, the colonel called the company together and informed each member thereof that it was proper they should undergo the operation of vaccination. No objection was made to the proposition, and in a short time the doctor was at work. He first began operations upon the gentlemen, and for half an hour a scene was enacted upon the stage that would have convulsed an audience with laughter. The first person operated upon was the colonel, and the doctor appeared to take more than extra care that his patient should receive a thorough puncturing. The colonel, by many fearful contortions of his face, gave evidence that being vaccinated was not as pleasant as partaking of partridges on toast, and at one time begged that the operation might be divested of a portion of its acuteness.

In the course of time every gentleman about the theater, a number of the orchestra, gas men, ticket sellers, ushers and door-keepers were vaccinated, and then the doctor turned his attention to the ladies. Miss Sallie Chapman at first snapped her fingers at the idea of experiencing pain while submitting to the operation, but when the lancet entered her flesh she fainted, and was carefully laid away for the time being. Miss Maggie Wessner, a young lady of extraordinary muscular development, no sooner felt the effect of the lancet than she sprang from the chair, and grasping Dr. Benzingerf by the throat, instead of her arm, as she intended, did not discover her mistake until the doctor thrice yelled murder. Miss Minnie Weigle wiggled fearfully, but abstained from choking the doctor. She, however, *pirouetted* about the stage in a lively manner. Miss Kate Wilson declared that she would not whimper if they cut her arm off, but when the sharp point of the lancet entered her arm she uttered a shrill scream, and in gyrating her arms the doctor experienced a sharp slap on his left cheek. Miss Susie Summerfield was the last young lady vaccinated, and having watched the operation performed upon her brothers and sisters, her nerves were considerably unloosed when her time came to be seated. She, however, underwent the operation without as much as uttering ever so little a scream. The Remmelsberg sisters bore the pricking of the lancet without flinching, but not so with Miss Hotsie Howard. Her health had been delicate for several days, and when she discovered a small speck of blood upon her arm produced by the lancet, she fainted away and enjoyed ten or more minutes of oblivion.

LOUISVILLE EDITORS.

A Pair of Rather Funny Photographs.

Louisville cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Journalism, like everything else in this strange land, presents some startling and anomalous features to the intelligent observer. It has been somewhat revolutionized of late years by the Courier-Journal, but, notwithstanding that newspaper's metropolitan features, the Kentucky peculiarities are still painfully prominent in many of its departments. There is a fierceness of independent attack in all matters pertaining to national affairs, ludicrously combined with cringing timidity in local matters. The other day I met Mr. Watterson, the brains of the Courier-Journal, and must confess to a great disappointment. He is not at all like he has been represented, or, as fancy painted him. He is rather large, with a red face and bald head, and his clothes didn't fit him. He takes a drink on the first invitation, and, while he is genial and sociable, I found it impossible to draw him out. I talked State and national politics at him, music, art and literature, but all to no purpose. Had I not known who he was, I should have pronounced him stolid. It was only when I accidentally broached the subject of navigation that Mr. Watterson manifested particular interest in the conversation. He brightened up considerably, and for a time his conversation was really brilliant. He is perfectly familiar with every boat on the river, and can tell you when she was built and what time she can make. He introduced me to half a dozen river men, with all of whom he seems to be on the best of terms. He told me that the paper with which I was lately connected, at Atlanta, was an excellent journal, and only needed a good river department to make it one of the best in the South.

I met another Courier-Journal editor—a morose young gentleman, named Bandman, I believe. He clips the news and gets up the column headed "Small Talk." Mr. Watterson informs me that he is a very efficient man, though physical suffering or disappointment in early life has made of him a confirmed misanthrope. His pen overflows with gall, and his ink is poisoned with malice. He never has a good thing to say of anybody, and sneers at the most sacred principles of social and political economy. At the time I met him he was swearing horribly at the fuss made over Alexis. He is strictly abstemious, and consequently is not in high favor with his fellow-journalists.

A Gambler's Trick.

A gambler in his confession says: "I once knew a Southern gentleman who, although not ostensibly a professional gambler, readily made short cards a business. He was a man of education, and a very elegant gentleman. He was fond of a little game of draw, just to kill time, you know; but the result was that he always got the best of it, and mingling with moneyed men, his winnings were large. I got into a series of games with him, and as well as I understand cards myself, I invariably got the worst of it. I knew there was something, and I resolved to discover it, if possible. I carefully examined the back of the cards, and, understanding how this sort of work is done, I very soon satisfied myself that the backs were all right. I watched his deal. He threw them around with great rapidity. His shuffling was square.

One day I procured a powerful magnifying glass, and went carefully over a pack of cards he had won with the night before. A long and careful search revealed in the aces and face cards a series of trifling concavities. The punches were so light as to be invisible to the naked eye, but in passing my fingers over them I could feel them. A gambler's fingers are, or ought to be, soft as velvet. Subsequent investigation revealed his work. He had on the inside of his finger-ring a minute punch.

In the beginning of a game he would manage to turn the face of the aces and face cards one at a time; so as to bring them against his punch, and then one indention, or two or three, in a certain locality would designate the cards. So nice was his sense of touch that, when dealing, he would naturally pass the face of each card over his left middle fingers; and, no matter how rapidly he dealt them, he would know the position of all the face cards in the pack. Of course this gave him a heavy percentage, and the result was that he invariably won.

No one has measured the power of kindness, for it is boundless. No man has witnessed its death, for it is eternal.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

E. A. BENSON,

317 Main 317 Main

— IS NOW OFFERING —

STEINWAY Pianos from.....$475 to $800
GABLER Pianos from.....$400 to $550
VOSE & SONS' Pianos from..$350 to $500
MASON & HAMLIN Organs..$ 75 to $300

— ALSO —

Pianos for Sale on Monthly Payments

Together with the largest stock of SHEET MUSIC and MUSICAL MERCHANDISE ever brought to the South.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Country merchants and dealers will please send in their orders, as I can fill them at New York prices for cash or good city acceptances for thirty, sixty or ninety days.

Old Pianos taken in exchange for new ones. Pianos tuned and repaired in a satisfactory manner. E. A. BENSON,

67† 317 Main street, Memphis.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

FRANKLIN

BOOK BINDERY,

Blank Book Manufactory

—And—

PRINTING HOUSE,

15 West Court street, Memphis.

S. C. TOOF, : : Proprietor.

BOOKS BOUND AND MANUFACTURED, from a PAMPHLET to the FINEST BOOK in the country, the Eastern market not excepted in quality or price.

Fine Blank Books a Specialty.

88†

PUBLICATION.

THE LOST CITY.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE TO canvass for this work, just published. The only reliable book published of the fire. Chicago as it was; Chicago as it is; a complete history; a book full of thrilling interest and startling incidents; profusely illustrated. Orders filled in the order received. Price, elegantly bound, $1 50; sent post paid, on receipt of the price. Address,

WELLS & CO.,
No. 432 Broome st., New York.

139-150eod 50 54w

STEAM GAUGE.

To Owners and Captains of Steam Vessels, and all others interested in Steam Gauges.

—The—

CLARK STEAM REGISTERING GAUGE

HAVING BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED and approved by the United States Board of Supervising Inspectors for application to Steam Vessels, in conformity with the rules and regulations passed by them for the carrying out of the Steamboat Law, requiring the application of Steam Registering Gauges to all vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam, as promulgated by circular order from the Treasury Department, bearing date November 6, 1871,

And being the only Registering Gauge now manufactured,

And offered to the public, filling the requirements of said rules and regulations, we, the undersigned, respectfully call your attention to the fact that we are the sole owners of the right to manufacture and vend said Gauges, and are now ready to fill orders therefor in any required number and pressure. We warrant these Gauges to be of superior workmanship, and to have been tested by a Standard Mercury Column before leaving the factory. This Gauge is specially adapted for application to all boilers in use for land purposes, it being the first invention in the history of the world brought out at any time for the purpose of registering steam, thus giving to all parties who are using steam for land purposes, not only protection to life, but absolute protection to property, affording positive knowledge as to whether their boiler under excessive pressure has at any time been strained, which no Steam Gauge now in use except this has been able to give. Parties who are using steam can readily appreciate its importance, and we cordially invite all such to call upon our Agent, who will be happy to show them the Register and its operation. In proof of their merit, we insert the following testimony:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 22, 1870.

Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgreen, U. S. N., Commandant:

SIR—In obedience to your instructions of the 12th inst., I have examined and tested the Registering Steam Gauges invented by Mr. E. Clark, and respectfully report, that it is exceedingly simple in its construction, certain in its action, reliable in its indications, and liable to little or no derangement.

I think the device complete for the purpose intended to be accomplished.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Signed: CHAS. H. LORING,
Chief Engineer, U. S. N.

Respectfully WHITE & PAYNE,
JEWELL & BACHUS,
Louisville, Ky.,
General Agents South and West.

G. FELTHOUSE, Agent,
138-149 eod 191 Main st., Memphis, Tenn.

WALL PAPER.

HOOK & LaGRILL,

—Dealers in—

WALL PAPER

And Window Shades,

326 Second street, Memphis, Tenn.

STAMP GILTS, BRONZES, SATINS AND Blanks, Fresco Decorations, Center Pieces, Fire Screens, Statues, etc. 103-xiv24

REMOVAL.

REMOVAL.

THE OFFICE OF THE WESTERN METHODIST has been moved from 22 Jefferson street to 279½ Main street, up stairs, in the rooms formerly occupied by G. W. L. Crook. Correspondents and others will take notice, and direct their letters accordingly. We issue now 6800 copies. The Methodist is a good medium for advertisers.

89† R. W. BLEW & CO., Publishers.

193 and 193 1-2 Poplar St., west of Bluff City Mills.
Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

Nos. 71 and 73 Adams Street, CORNER OF THIRD
Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

Nos. 217, 219 and 221 Third St. CORNER OF ADAMS.
Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

PETER H. DONNELLY. P. DEVITT.

PETER H. DONNELLY & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS

BEST BRANDS OF ST. LOUIS FLOUR ALWAYS ON HAND.

Keep Always on Hand a Choice Selection of

Teas, Coffees, Spices, English and French Mustard, Can Fruit, Preserves, Dried Fruit, English and American Pickles, Pure Holland and Domestic Gin.

Old Bourbon, Scotch and Irish Whiskies, Apple and Peach Brandy, California, French and Spanish Wines, Hostetter, Bavarian and Plantation bitters, Genuine French and California Brandy.

London and Dublin Porter, Edinburg Ale, Claret and Ginger Wine.
Also a choice selection of Fancy Groceries too numerous to mention.

Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the city or suburbs.

PETER H. DONNELLY & CO.,
189 Poplar Street, 1st house east of Market.

18†

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING ASSOCIATED THEMSELVES TOGETHER UNDER the firm name of WILLIAMS & CO., for the purpose of continuing, with enlarged facilities, the Manufacturing and General Lumber Business, most respectfully solicit the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the late firms of Williams & Co. and B. K. Plain; and from their long experience in the business, pledge themselves to offer inducements as favorable as any dealer in this market.

W. A. WILLIAMS.
B. K. PLAIN.

MEMPHIS, TENN., January 1, 1872.

W. A. WILLIAMS. B. K. PLAIN.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, SIDING, LATH,

SHINGLES, FLOORING, CEILING, ETC.

MILLS AND YARD: ON WOLF RIVER, NORTH FRONT STREET,

SALESROOM & YARD: CORNER GAYOSO AND SECOND STS.,

120-145 Memphis, : : : Tennessee.

LUMBER! LUMBER! LUMBER!

JOHN ZENT,

FORMERLY OF THE FIRM OF WILLIAMS & CO.,

BEGS LEAVE TO INFORM HIS MANY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY that he has established a

FIRST CLASS LUMBER YARD!

At the North End of Front Street, Opposite the Memphis Gas Works.

ORDERS FOR LUMBER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS AND SHINGLES,

Are respectfully solicited and will receive prompt attention.

I am largely increasing my facilities—building a new Saw Mill, and adding the latest improved machinery to the Planing Mill, Shingle Machine, etc., so that whatever may be wanted in my line of business, I am confident that all who honor me with their patronage will be satisfied in the way I serve them.

Office at the Yard. JOHN ZENT,

116-141 North Front Street, Opposite Memphis Gas Works.

JET PALACE. JET PALACE.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

Just Arrived at the Jet Palace,

Rich Hair Ornaments, Entire New Goods,

In Jet, Shell, and French Gilt.

Also---Quantities of Gilt Butterflies.

OUR STOCK OF AMERICAN PLATED JEWELRY IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY.

OUR SOLID GOLD, CORAL AND GOLD, AND CORAL SETS,

Greatly Reduced in Price.

Gold Watches, Gold Chains, Gold Necklaces, Gold Rings, etc., goods which are only kept in first-class jewelry stores, and warranted as represented, will be sold at very low figures.

I. ROESCHER & CO.,

Practical Jewelers and Watchmakers, 328 Main street.

CHICKERING PIANOS ARE THE BEST---WERE AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZES AT LATE MEMPHIS FAIR---GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS. H. G. HOLLENBERG'S, 274 SECOND STREET.